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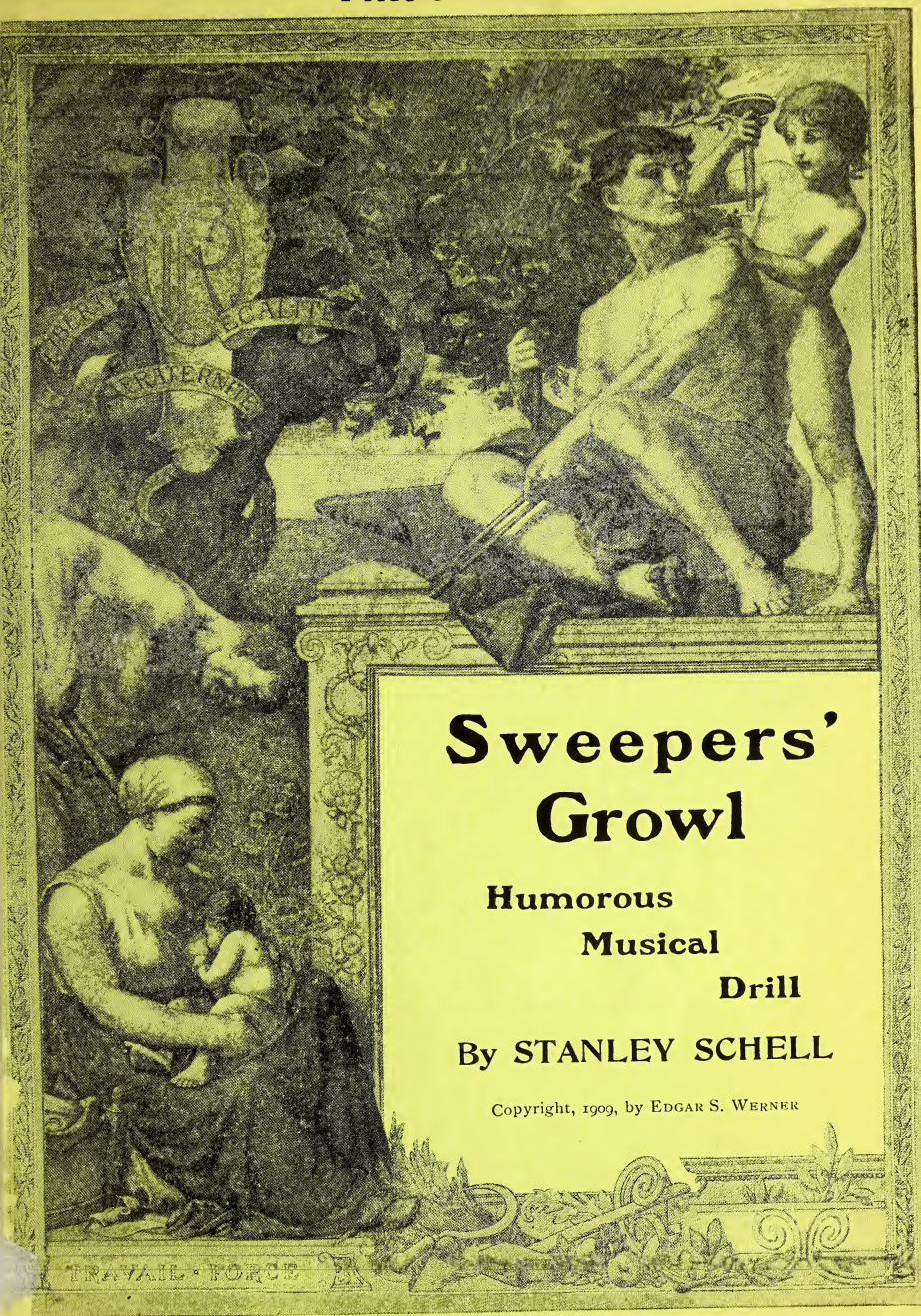

Sweepers' Growl

Humorous Musical Drill

By STANLEY SCHELL

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SWEEPERS' GROWL

Drill for Eight Girls, or Eight Boys; or for Sixteen Boys and Girls.

BY STANLEY SCHELL.

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COSTUMES: White dresses, white aprons, white sweeping-caps, white dust-cloths, and small feather-dusters tucked in apron belts. Carry small sweeping-brooms decorated with streamers of white ribbons. If boys take part, they dress as porters, sing, "Oh, What Fun, Boys," and speak lines as given on page 7.

MUSIC: "Sweep, Sweep," "We Have So Much Work to Do," and "Oh, What Fun, Girls."

DRILL

1. Music: "Sweep, Sweep." Girls enter in fours at stage back and move up stage toward front, as follows: Sweep R. oblique during three beats, at same time step forward R. oblique, then bring L. foot up to R. foot. Continue these movements during 48 beats or 16 measures of music.

2. Stage front. Girls swing brooms up and forward oblique into position for sweeping ceiling. Movements: Sweep back during three beats, then forward during three beats, and so on,

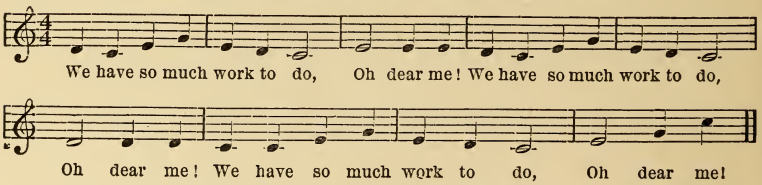
alternating 24 beats or 8 measures, meantime stepping backward to stage C.

3. Stage center. Girls lower brooms to floor and move up stage toward front as in 1, but this time they sweep L. oblique and step forward with L. foot, then bring R. foot up to L. foot. Continue these movements during 24 beats or 8 measures of music.

4. Stage front. Look at audience and smile wearily. Place brooms in front of body and vertical; rest both hands on top of broom-handle.

5. Sing, "We Have So Much Work To Do."

WE HAVE SO MUCH WORK TO DO.



DIRECTIONS FOR SINGING "WE HAVE SO MUCH WORK," ETC.

"We have so much work to do,"
[*Whiningly.*]
"Oh—dear me!"
[*Long drawn out and snappish.*]
"We have so much work to do,"
[*Shake head sideways and look weary.*]
"Oh—dear me——"
[*As if very tired.*]
"We have so much work to do,"
[*So tired and disgusted.*]
"Oh—dear me——"
[*Uplifted brows and little nods of head.*]
[*Stop singing suddenly as if catching breath, then speak abruptly.*]
"But—now!—we'll rest!"
[*Lean well over broom-handles.*]

6. Music, "Sweep, Sweep." [*Girls straighten up and look animated, then sing, "Sweep, Sweep."*]

SWEEP, SWEEP.

For its sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep, All the live - long
day,..... Sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep Monday morn
to Sat - ur - day night, Sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep,
See the boys run out and play, While we.....
sweep,..... sweep, sweep the live long day.

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While singing "Sweep, Sweep," girls are at same time sweeping and taking following steps:

Sweeping R. and sliding R. with R. foot, then bringing L. foot up to R. foot.

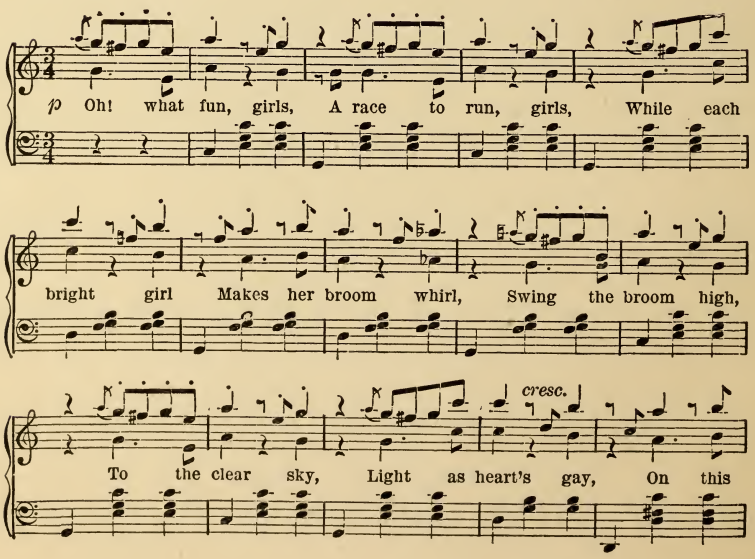
Sweeping L. and sliding L. with L. foot, then bringing R. foot up to L. foot, and so on during song.

7. When song is finished, brooms are brought in front of body again, and girls, resting on brooms, look coyly at audience. Suddenly they turn and look at one another and say, "Let's play; I'm tired of work."

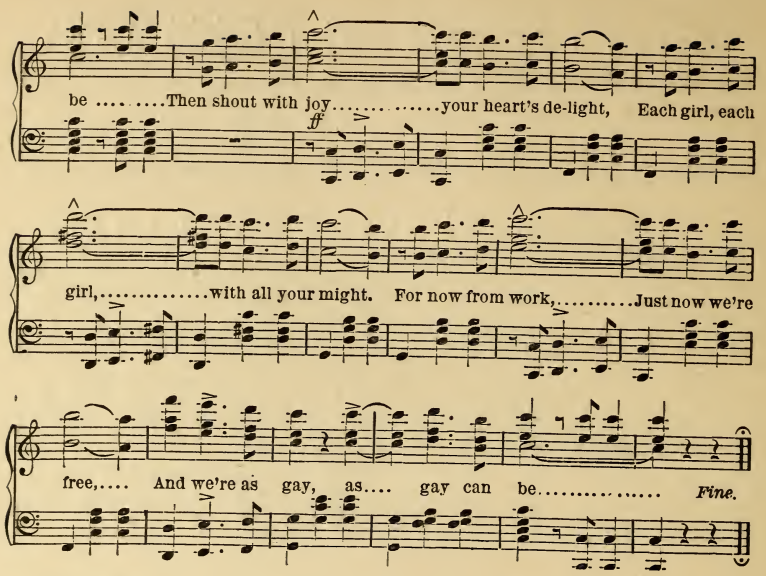
Girls face R., swing brooms to shoulders, with broom end up, and look across shoulders at audience.

Music: "Oh, What Fun, Girls."

OH! WHAT FUN, GIRLS.


p Oh! what fun, girls, A race to run, girls, While each
bright girl Makes her broom whirl, Swing the broom high,
cresc.
To the clear sky, Light as heart's gay, On this

f
p
hol - i - day Oh! what fun, girls, A race to run, girls,
While each bright girl Makes her broom whirl, Swing the
cresc.
broom high, To the clear sky, Light as heart's gay,
f
ff
On this hap - py day, Then shout with joy, your heart's de -
ff
light, Each girl, each girl, with all your might, For now from
work, Just now we're free, And we're as gay, as gay can


be ....Then shout with joy.....your heart's de-light, Each girl, each
ff
girl,.....with all your might. For now from work,.....Just now we're
free,.... And we're as gay, as.... gay can be..... Fine.

While singing, "Oh, What Fun, Girls," girls dance in waltz time (first 1, 2, 3, R., then 1, 2, 3, L., and so on) around stage in a circle, then around to stage back C., then in a serpentine to stage front, where they form one long line across stage and face audience. Girls bring brooms to position in front of body and vertical. Again they rest on handles. Music, "Sweep, Sweep." Girls sweep, step, and sing as before.

8. With end of song, brooms are brought in front positions again and girls rest on them as before.

GIRLS' DIALOGUE.

First Girl. But what care I if it is sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep the livelong day, we do have fun sometimes.

Second Girl. Oh, indeed, do we! I'd like to know when.

Third Girl. So should I, for I find it a burden to keep house.

FOURTH GIRL. For it's nothing but sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep, the livelong day. [*Swings broom as she speaks.*]

FIFTH GIRL. Yes, 'tis sweep, sweep, dust, dust, floor, ceilings and walls.

SIXTH GIRL. And it's ladders to climb, and cobwebs to brush.

SEVENTH GIRL. And windows to clean and curtains to dust.

EIGHTH GIRL. It's busy, busy, busy, till long after set of sun.

ALL. But the boys—dearie me [*heave big sighs*]—well, they're busy, too, making muss, dirt, and dust.

9. Music, "Sweep, Sweep." Girls sweep and step and sing as before, but this time as they step they keep moving backward until stage back C. is reached, when they dart out.

BOYS' DIALOGUE.

FIRST BOY. Well, I'd rather have fun all the time than work.

SECOND BOY. But the workers often get to be great men.

THIRD BOY. I'd like to know how?

FOURTH BOY. By holding their tongues, doing their work well, and saving their spare cash.

FIFTH BOY. Listen to his beautiful dream—spare cash! It takes all I earn and all my tips to pay for cigars.

SIXTH BOY. You have had more money this year than I, and yet I have saved fifty dollars.

SEVENTH BOY. Oh! let's look at him—a real mother's boy, is it?

EIGHTH BOY. Work won't hurt any one, and working well is the best thing one can do, for it makes one strong and honest. Now, let's do our best.

Music, "Sweep, Sweep." Boys sweep and step and sing as before until they exit.

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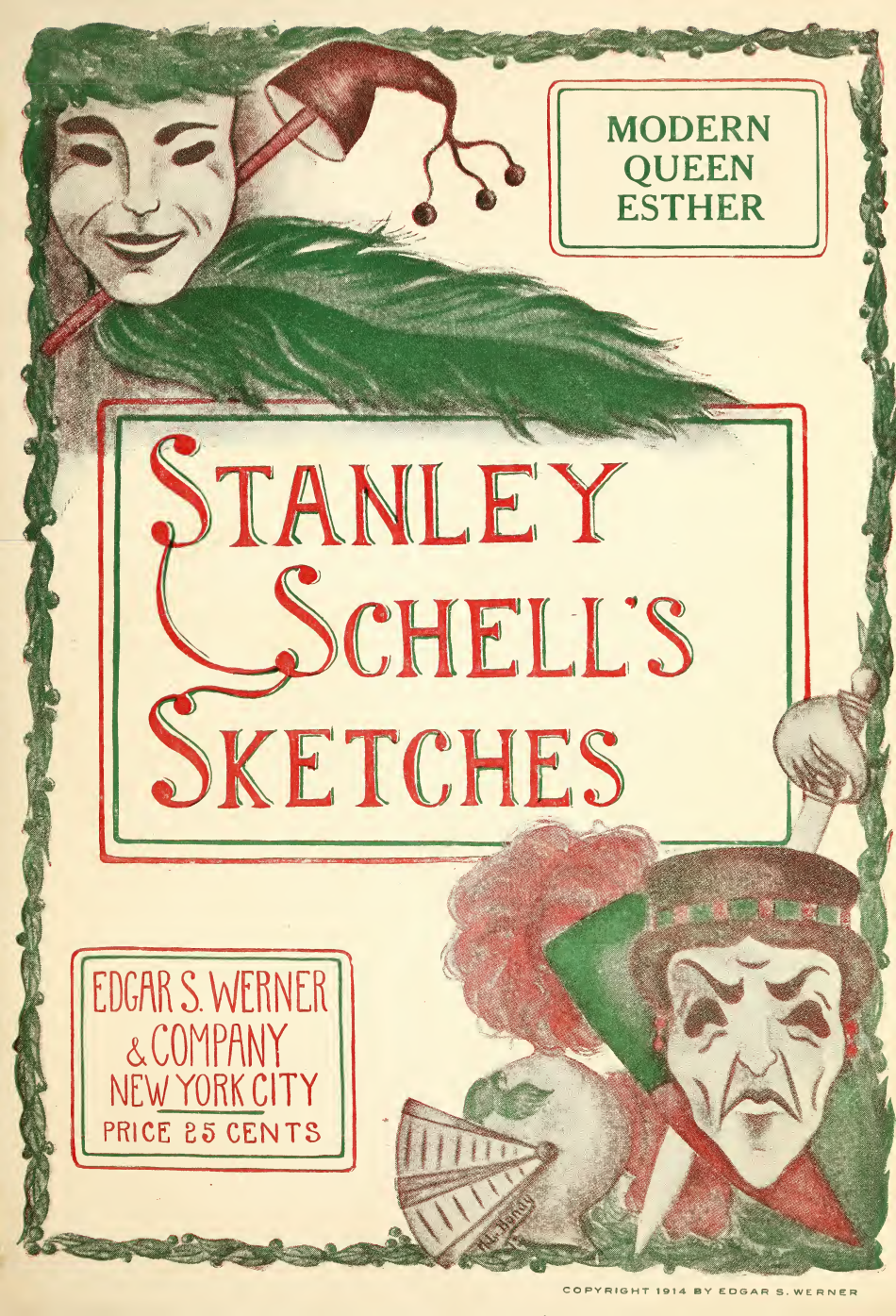

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MODERN QUEEN ESTHER.

["MUVVER'S DAVID."]

PATHETIC CHILD-DIALECT MONOLOGUE FOR SMALL GIRL.

STANLEY SCHELL.

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CHARACTERS: ALICE DUNBAR, seven years old, speaker present; DAVID MARTIN, President of Battery Savings Bank, supposed to be present.

COSTUME: Dainty white gown, low shoes, white stockings, long curly yellow hair, white hat trimmed with blue ribbon and long streamers hanging behind.

SCENE: Bank office, showing president's room. Desk L. Near desk, with side toward desk, large and comfortable wheel-chair in which Mr. Martin is supposed to be seated. Near end of desk good-sized trash-basket nearly full of paper. Door R. C. opens slowly and ALICE DUNBAR enters, stands smilingly within door. Soon she looks pleadingly at MR. MARTIN.

PLEASE, may I come in? [*Face lightens with a smile.*] Aren't I already in? [*Laughs as if pleased.*]

Oh, yes—little bit. [*Dances lightly across stage to* MARTIN'S *chair.*] But your guard—your mess'gers said you mustn't be 'sturbed; but I 'splained dat I'm Queen Esther, an' had to see you on most 'portant business, so I got by dem——

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Not truly, of course. My really, truly name is Alice—Alice Dunbar—you seem 'sprised? I'm p'tending I'm Queen Esther, an' [*bows low and deep*] you is Ahas'rus, the king! I'm come to save my people [*looks serious and nods slowly*], not sure 'nough nation, you know, but just make-believe. [*Looks pleadingly at* MARTIN*; rests hands on arm of chair as if tired; shifts from one foot to the other; pouts; looks wistful.*]

You haven't asked me to sit down yet! My muvver says it's perlite to ask vis'tors to be seated, an' specially when she is of royal blood.

[*Appears to be lifted to seat on desk; swings feet; crosses them; looks seriously at* MARTIN.]

Now, King Ahas'rus [*swings feet again; twirls hat by ribbons after removing it from head*], we can talk more comfo'bly, but,—is you a Medumpersian?

You fink not? Oh, I'm glad. [*Heaves sigh of content.*]

Why? 'Cause as you isn't, you can change your mind 'bout 'smissing my favver.

Favver? No, he didn't never. He wouldn't never have let me come; nor muvver, neaver, mos' of all.

[*Leans forward as if telling a secret; whispers.*]

I runned away! But [*beseechingly*], please, promise—you won't never tell nobody?

[*Face full of pleading, whole body expressing eagerness.*]

You'll—you'll promise? [*In worried tones; suddenly face lightens with joy.*] Cross your heart—so—that's the way. Now, you can't never tell, for, if you do, the black bird'll get you—yes, he will, and—he'll eat you all up. [*Shakes finger at him impressively.*]

Why I comed to you? 'Cause I heard favver say to muvver he'd ravver starve dan ask a favor of you. Favver's brave—he is; but, muvver [*lips quiver; eyes fill with tears*]; I couldn't never let muvver starve; so I finked an' finked an' finked, if you wasn't really drefful cross, I'd ask you myself [*peers closely into his eyes*], an' you ain't cross one tiny little bit. [*Clasps hands as if overjoyed at discovery.*] Oh, I'm so glad I runned away. I fink you're very nice too. Fanks? You needn't fank me, you is nice, vough you don't smile much; perhaps you've twoubles of yours too. You might tell me 'bout 'em, if you have. I symp'thize wiv my own beau'ful muvver, sometimes, you know.

Beau'ful? [*Looks at him in surprise.*] Beau'ful? She's so lovely, you can't never fink naughty fings when she's lookin' at you, but [*sorrowfully*] now she has nervous persuasion—vat's it, I guess, ever since my favver lost his money. Doctor says she mus'n't never be bovvered, and [*shaking finger at him in threatening fashion*] you—you—have gone an' bovvered her!

Sorry? Really—an' truly—cross you're heart—you is—yes, you is? I'm glad—I truly is. You see [*confidentially*], favver tells muvver nothin' 'cept 'bout his lost

money an' wishes to gwacious goodness he could live his life over 'gain, an' nen [*sobs hard a moment*], nen he dwinks, an' dwinks', an' nen says to muvver vat's the only way to forget 'bout it.

Cowardly brute? What's vat? Go on? [*Hesitatingly.*] But you didn't say nuffin naughty, did you? [*Worried and apprehensive look.*] No? Well, so, 'course, vere's nobody to fink 'bout muvver but me, an' yest'day—[*flushing and hesitating*], favver said the rent was only paid 'till to-morrow—an', an' we hadn't no money at 'tall, an' vere's no use for him to try, 'cause ev'ybody's 'gainst him. Nen muvver cried, an' you know she mustn't never do vat, 'cause it makes her worse; an' if she gets worse all the time, she'll die, an' I reckon if muvver died nobody 'ud want to live, would vey?

[*Eyes fill with tears; sobs hard a while; stops crying suddenly and looks up worried and scared.*]

My 'tition? Vat 'tis [*clasps hands pleadingly*]: Please, King Ahas'rus, please you just put favver back again! Won't you, please? I jes' vant you to let him stay 'till I'm big 'nough to take care of muvver. It won't be so drefful long.

I won't—when I'm big 'nough—I'll marwy rich man? No, no, no! Vat's orful fing! Why, my muvver said, once on a time, a little girl she knowed, an' who had yellow curls just like mine, an' used to be so verwy, verwy happy, an' she knew a nice little boy who is now a big

man like muvver—no favver [*trying to think*]. Oh, dearie me, I forgot his name. [*Puts finger on brow in funny fashion and sits in deep thought.*]

David? Oh, yes—David. How did you know? An' he used to carry the little girl's books to school. One day, when the bridge was—when—carwied her over the stream? Yes, vat's it [*looking at him with approving eyes*]. You're orful bright to know vat——

An' vey used to go a-nutting an' sliding together, an' he alwuz brought her all the firstest flowers, an' vey were so happy an' loved each uvver, an' vey said vey would get married when vey growed up. But, one day, vere was a great rich—oh, so verwy, verwy rich man comed to her muvver an' wanted to marwy her, an' her muvver made her marwy him—an' vat was orful, 'cause she didn't love vat rich man but only just loved David an' kep' on lovin' David vough she twied orful hard not to, 'cause she had to marry the uvver man. I reckon she's been in the habit of it so—so long, she just couldn't stop. An' nen the rich man lost all his money, an' now she is punished bad. An' I'll never, never act like vat to a boy I love 'cause it's the wickedest fing in the world, muvver says.

[MR. MARTIN *is supposed by this time to be sitting with head bowed on desk.* ALICE *looks at him while she talks; after a while smoothes his head gently and lovingly.*]

I'm 'fraid you're drefful tired of me. [*Slips from desk*

and moves toward door.] I mus' be goin'. My muvver'll miss me. [*Stops and looks back.*] Mus'n't go yet? Come back? You'll grant [*makes rush for chair and fairly dances up and down*]—you'll grant my 'tition for sake of my muvver?—you—love—my muvver?— You—you—is little David she tol' 'bout? [*Clasps hands ecstatically.*] You love my muvver, an' you is her David? Why, nen, muvver was mistaken nen, she said you hated her, an' you don't? You're so kind, I reckon you couldn't hate nobody—could you, now?

Not my muvver? Nobody couldn't do vat. 'Member, you mus'n't never tell I comed, 'cause you crossed your heart, an' vat's more van bein' a Medumpersian. I'm glad I comed, now, an' muvver'll love you more van ever, 'cause you let my favver stay, an' I'll bring her to see you soon as she is better of nervous 'suasion. Good-bye! [*Stretches up and offers lips to be kissed; sound of kissing.*] Good-bye, muvver's David. [*Trips across stage; waves hand and exits blowing kisses from finger-tips, saying in loving tones.*] Muvver's David.

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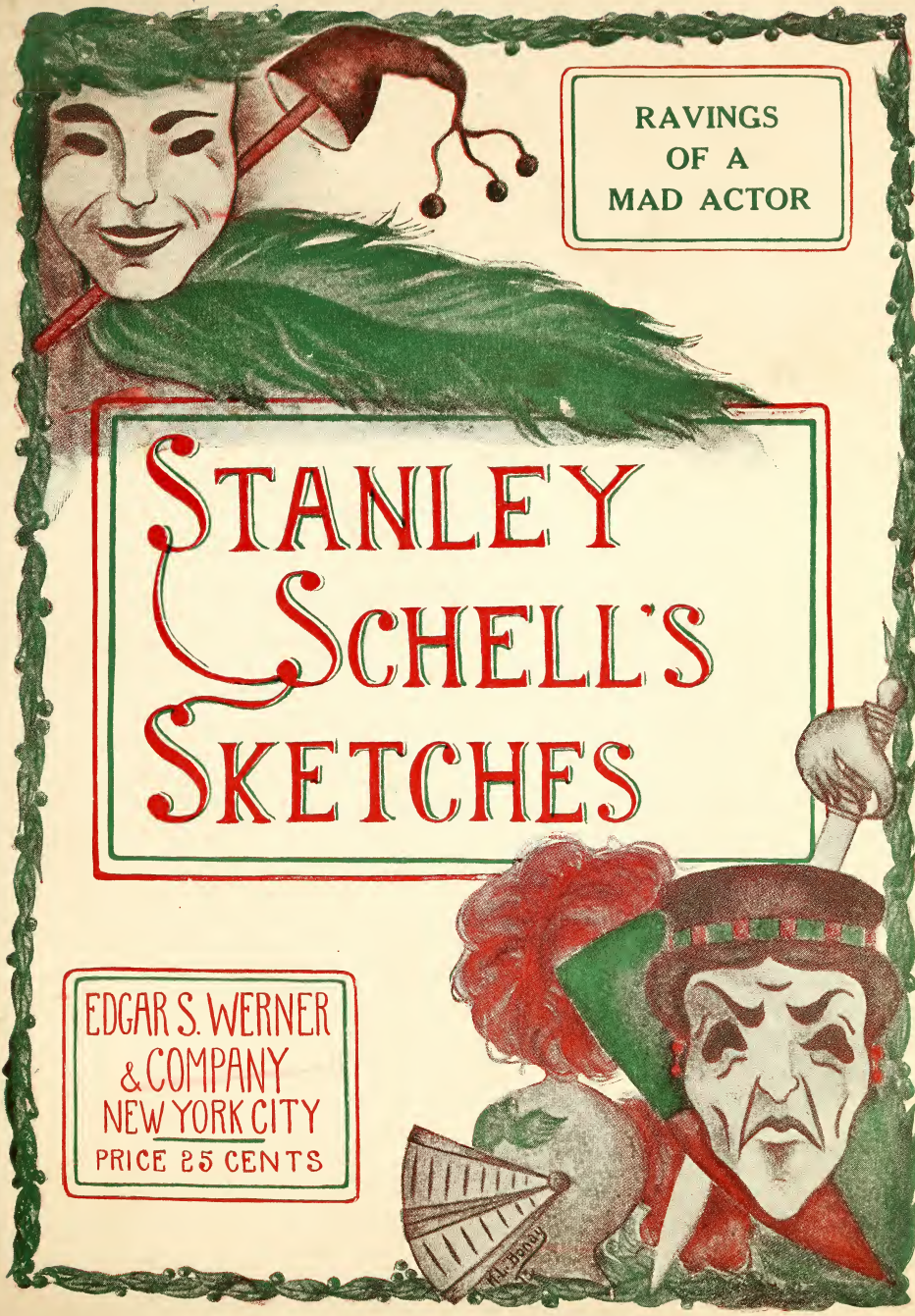

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RAVINGS OF A MAD ACTOR.

["IN A MADHOUSE."]

TRAGIC DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE FOR MAN.

STANLEY SCHELL.

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SCENE: Cell interior. ACTOR striding majestically up and down.

MAD!—I—mad? Who dares say I'm mad?

[*Suddenly faces audience; glares a moment; face softens.*]

Does this sound mad?

[*Recites in fine style from "Shamus O'Brien."*]

"Jist after the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.
There was thrial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.
It's thim was hard times for an honest gossoon;"

[*Stops to recall words, then proceeds.*]

"An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv thim all
Was Shamus O'Brien."

U. OF ILL. LIB.

[*Stops suddenly; looks keenly at audience; laughs mockingly.*]

Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! Dear Shamus O'Brien.

[*Laughs hideously.*]

He—ha!——Ho-ho-ha!

[*Glares again.*]

So I'm mad—raving mad!
He-he-he—! [*Laughs.*]
Mad! My plays made me mad—my plays——

[*Chucklingly.*]

Ah-ha!—ah-ha!

When I appear on the stage thus—[*strides about*],—all say: "Look!—see! See!—he's mad." Mad? Mad? Who's mad?

I? I, the leading actor, mad?

[*Laughs hideously; stops suddenly; glares.*]

I'm not mad!—no! No!!!—

[*Fairly yells out the words; stamps; chuckles; then, with what seems to be return of reason, stops a moment and peers at audience but relapses again into vagueness.*]

Just hear me, Virginius. I am leading my daughter before Appius Claudius, and now I am addressing him: "Appius Claudius, you have sent for me and I have come

—come to defend my daughter, a free-born maid, dragged through the streets of Rome as your slave. Go on! Go on. Go on with your trial, Appius Claudius! I am ready to defend my daughter with my heart's blood!"

[*Laughs.*]

Ha-ha! Ho!—ha-he!

[*Takes another tack; places finger over lips and says tragically.*]

Sh, sh! Blood! Blood! Blood!!! Who says blood? Ah, ha—ah-ha!

[*Acts as if he had just discovered culprit. Looks ugly; suddenly starts back as though frightened.*]

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?
Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw."

[*Stands glaring; tries to remember.*]

"I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon are gouts of blood,
Which was not so before."

[*Stands, full of horror.*]

Oh! the horror of it all.

[*Shudders; glares.*]

"I have done the deed——"

[*Shudders; gazes on hands.*]

"This is a sorry sight."

[*Shakes hands suddenly as if to shake away hideous sight; laughs.*]

Ha-ha! Ha-ha!

"Sorry sight——"

[*Murmurs; shouts suddenly.*]

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?"

[*Seems to realize where he is.*]

Ah! no wonder I'm called mad when thus I speak—away! away! unholy thoughts—away! I say. Mad! mad!

[*Most pathetically and despairingly. Suddenly relapses, then seems bright and triumphant.*]

"Is not the lady I have chosen fair?
Of a right age?
A well-proportioned form, and noble presence?—
Has she not wit? Gentle? Gentle?"

[*Laughs.*] Ha-ha-ha!

"There you touch me! Yet though she be prouder
Than the vex'd ocean at its topmost height,
And every breeze will chafe her to a storm,
I love her still the better. Some prefer
Smoothly o'er an unwrinkled sea to glide;
Others to ride the cloud-aspiring waves,
And hear, amid the rending tackles' roar,
The spirit of an equinoctial gale.
What though a patient and enduring lover——"

[*Stops; after a moment of puzzled thought continues.*]

"Yet when I am her husband, she shall feel
I was not born to be a woman's slave!
When with a bold hand, I have weeded out
The rank growth of her pride, she'll be a garden
Lovely in blossom, rich in fruit; till then,
An unpruned wilderness——"

[*Laughs gleefully and suggestively.*]

"Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
Why, what a burden that for a man's song!
'Twould fit a maiden that was sick of love.
Heigh ho! Come, ride with me to Lincolnshire,
And turn thy 'Heigh ho!' into 'Hilly ho!'"

[*Laughs heartily and gleefully.*]

Ha-ha-ha-ho-ho! That's a joke—a joke.

[*Stands still with heavy frown.*]

"Oh, blood, Iago, blood!"

[*Shudders; face assumes hideous glare.*]

"Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor sear that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die! else she'll betray more men."

[*Acts as if smothering with pillows; halts a moment as if listening; turns suddenly and acts as though stabbing; stands listening again.*]

"Yes, Emila, she's dead."

[*Most pathetically and sorrowfully; brightens suddenly.*]

"And, now, once again, am I the Gladiator in the arena. After I have killed my man I say I will kill no more. As I wipe the blood from off my dagger, I say, 'If thou injure a hair of the innocent's head, I'll make Rome howl!'"

[*Laughs.*]

Ha-ha-ha!

[*Coughs hard.*]

Me?—Mad!—No! No! N-o-o-o-o—!

[*Laughs.*]

Ha-ha-ha-ha!

"Remember the very nobles approve the master."

[*Laughs.*]

Ha-ha-ha!

[*Coughs hard again.*]

"On, Romans, on! With hands and sword be smeared
In Caesar's blood,
Thus walk we forth, even to the market-place."

[*Walks across stage; turns.*]

"Let's all cry: Peace! Freedom and Liberty!"

[*Laughs hideously.*]

Ha-ha-ha-ha! And then they say I'm mad—mad—mad.

[*Glares wildly.*]

Ah-ha! It comes—it comes!

[*Expresses horror and part fear.*]

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet."

[*Stands still, glaring.*]

"What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous?"

[*Stands as if listening.*]

"It beckons me to go away with it,
It will not speak; then will I follow it.
It waves me forth again; I'll follow it."

[*Laughs hideously.*]

Ha-ha-ha!

"I'll follow it—I'll follow—follow it."

[*Drops into chair as if exhausted; mutters a while; puts chin in hand; rests arm on arm of chair; moves eyes restlessly; sinks forward into chair and looks wildly, yet as if deadly weary, down at floor off front.*]

[*Exits.*]

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